

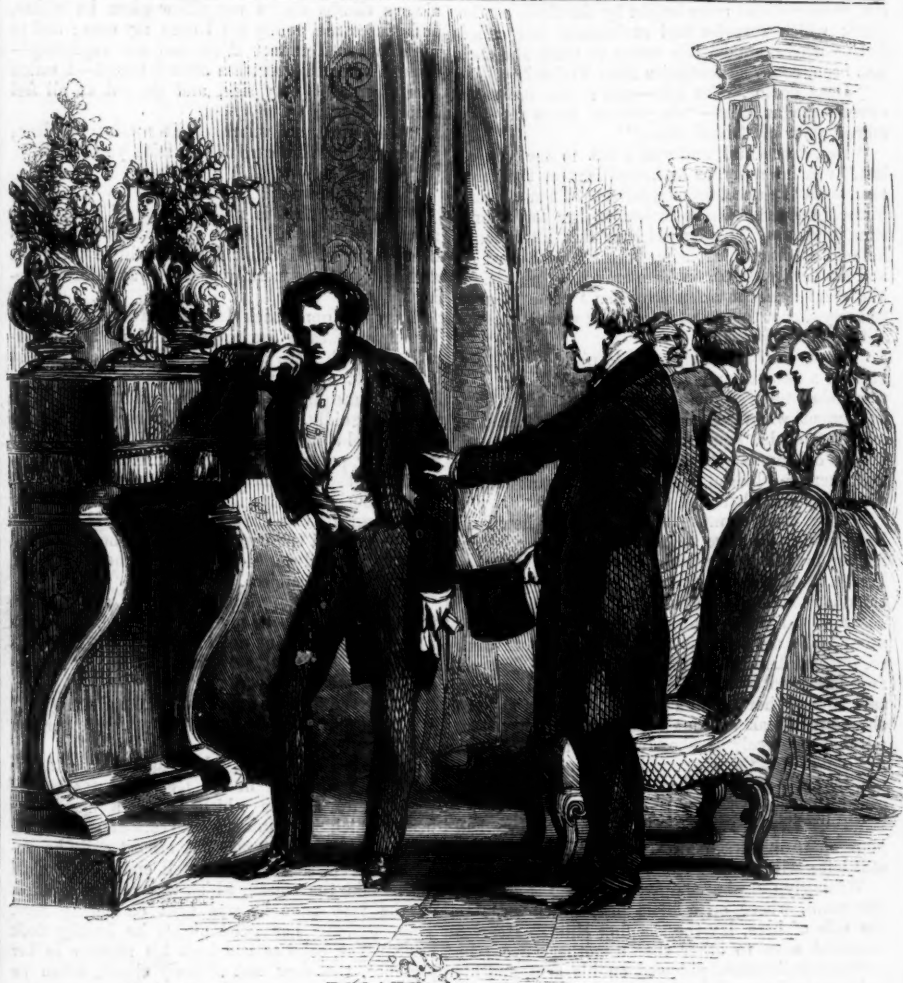
# THE LEISURE HOUR

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DR. GREY ANNOUNCING TO HERBERT HIS WIFE'S DANGER.

## THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

### CHAPTER III.

EVENING visits were rare events in Rose's quiet household; so that it was with some surprise she heard, about nine that night, that a gentle-

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man was earnestly asking for admittance. She was on the sofa again, poor Rose! She had hushed her boy to sleep, and wept and prayed over his pillow, and now lay back, so worn and wearied that it was an effort even to extend

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her hand to receive the card which the servant held.

"Dr. Grey!" and she started up, and hastened to the door to bid him welcome.

The kind old man came forward, with both hands extended, and his face beaming with delight; but suddenly retreated, and hesitatingly paused, uncertain as to the identity of the person he addressed.

The slight shadowy figure, dressed in deep mourning, the sunken form, the transparent features, and the feverish brightness of the deep set eye, rendered still more bright by the flush on the cheek which surprise and excitement had called forth—where, amidst this wreck of what she once had been, could he recognise Rose Vivian?

"Dear doctor," she said—and it was the same sweet voice as ever—"do you not know me any more? your old friend Rose?"

"Yes, dear child, and glad I am to see you at last," was his reply, as he kissed her on the forehead with the affection of a father. Then seating himself on the sofa, he looked at her for a long time in silence. "I arrived here this afternoon," he said at length, arousing himself, with lord A. and his family, to whom I am travelling physician. We start again in a few days; so I came at once to see you, not to lose an evening of your company. Where is Herbert?"

"He is unfortunately out to-night; engaged both to a dinner-party and a ball," said Rose; and then she faltered something about his disappointment when he should return and find who had been at his house; but she felt embarrassed, for the old man's eyes were still penetratingly fixed upon her, and half of what she had meant to say died away upon her lips.

"Why, Rose," continued the doctor, "how long it is since you have written to me! your letters for the first two years came so regularly, so full of Herbert, and happiness, and the little boy, that I thought you enjoyed a perpetual honeymoon."

"And did you judge the contrary by my silence now?" she asked anxiously. "Oh, do not think so, but ascribe it all to my time being so taken up, and lately to my sad, sad trial;" and then she told him of her infant's death. On this at least she could speak without constraint, and her tears fell fast and freely as she dwelt upon the loss of her child; but there was relief in those tears, and joy in such grief as that, for it needed no disguise.

"Poor Rose!" said Dr. Grey, "so you have had your share of sorrow already; but little Hugh is still left; will you show him to me?"

Willingly did she comply, and led the way to her room, where, on a little bed, drawn close to the side of hers, lay the sleeping child. He was beautiful, even to other than a mother's eyes; he rested now, his head pillowed on his arm, and his golden ringlets veiling the rosy cheek and down-cast eyelids, whose long lashes were still fringed with tears. In his disturbed slumber the coverlet had been tossed aside, and his fair rounded limbs were partly exposed, quivering still at each sobbing inspiration in evidence of the first paroxysm of real sorrow his young life as yet had known.

"Is he not lovely?" whispered Rose, as she gently arranged the disordered clothes; then, lin-

gering awhile, she hung over him as if to receive the balmy breath that softly fanned her cheek.

The old man had been looking on with tears glistening in his eyes, but when he saw Rose bending so long over the child he drew her almost angrily away.

"You should not do that," he said earnestly; "don't you know that children ought never to be disturbed in their sleep, or inhale any person's breath? Then he should not remain here; put him in another room."

"But, doctor, I should miss him so! He always climbs up to my pillow when he wakes, and kisses me gently till I open my eyes; and at night, when I cannot sleep, and am expecting—I mean when Herbert has been detained—I watch him sleeping by my side, and do not at all feel lonely."

"You must not watch, or lie awake, my dear; you must be taken care of yourself; you are ill."

"Oh, no, no, not ill."

"Not ill, and with that cough?"

"Well, but that is nothing new; I have had it more than a year. It is only lately that it has become worse. I think I have a little fever too at night, but it generally passes away before morning."

They had gone back to the drawing-room, and Dr. Grey asked a few more questions about herself, to which Rose answered faintly; for the first excitement of his presence having passed away, she felt unequal to any further effort. She sank back languidly, her eyes half closed, while the doctor held her thin white hand and tried the fluttering pulse. For some minutes he sat absorbed in thought, and then, abruptly starting up, he anxiously asked where Herbert was, and at what hour he would return. Rose told him the house at which the party was given, but hesitated as to his second question. He saw her confusion, and turned the subject.

"I shall see you to-morrow again, and Herbert too; and you shall be my patient, Rose, so long as I remain here. But the first condition I exact is obedience. The little fellow must be moved to-night."

"And yet I assure you, he does not disturb me."

"But, Rose, be reasonable—if you were perhaps injuring him——"

A sudden suspicion flashed upon her, and she looked up wistfully in his face. It was one of those mute appeals which wring a physician's heart, which it requires long years of self-control to be able to withstand; but almost gaily he answered her that she knew well enough the child might take the cough, which was all he dreaded, at the very time he was bent on curing hers. Then wishing her good night, he hastily took leave. Yet, calm as had been his manner in her presence, the door had scarcely closed, when he clasped his hands together, and murmured in a tone of deep sadness—"Lost, lost, lost! Ah, Rose! poor Rose!"

It chanced that he knew the family who gave the party that night, and, trusting to his previous acquaintance to sanction the intrusion, he resolved to dress and go there at once to seek for Herbert. He had not told his scheme to Rose; but bent on carrying it through, it was not long before he pre-

sented himself at the scene of gaiety. No one could have ever known Dr. Grey without being glad again to see him, and he received a cordial welcome from the lady of the house, who for some time kept him at her side in conversation. As soon as he was able to disengage himself, he began to look eagerly around, to see if he could distinguish Herbert, and it was not long before he caught sight of him leaning over the chair of a fashionable lady to whom he was paying marked attention.

Soon after he saw them join the giddy dance; and then his eyes followed them as they promenaded afterwards through the rooms. While he was thus engaged, he heard more than one person remark that "Graham was as fascinating as ever;" and that "lady Z. now received more of his attention than even Miss Horton, notwithstanding the 'tableaux' in which they had both recently exhibited."

"Tableaux!" "attentions!" Like a map unrolling itself to his view, in those brief words the whole history of Rose's married life was exposed before him. For a moment he forgot the brilliant scene around, and his thoughts went back to the meek sorrowing face he had so lately gazed upon; then, recollecting himself, he went resolutely in quest of Herbert, who had disappeared amidst the crowd. He discerned him before long in a group formed round a card-table; some one had asked him to bet upon the game, and he lost. Herbert was not what is termed fond of play, yet he sometimes joined in it, though more from a spirit of display, an ambition to vie with other people, than from any natural disposition towards gambling. He had just laid down one or two napoleons with an air of indifference, and turned away, when a hand was placed upon his arm, and he recognised his old friend and confidant.

The doctor's face was pale and stern; the last incident had completed his disgust. He remembered the small rooms, the simple furniture, the careful economy, that distinguished Rose's solitary home; he thought of her health neglected from her wish to save, and his heart rose against the selfish worldling who stood before him.

Herbert's manner was cordial, though embarrassed, and even in the first words of greeting he experienced a sensation of constraint he could not well shake off. He wondered whether the doctor had been to see his wife, and his mind reverted uneasily to the scene about the note. His suspense was soon terminated.

"Herbert," said his old friend, drawing him away to the recess of a window. "Herbert, I once loved you as my own son. I speak to you even as a father now. It is little more than four years since I stood with you in — church, and placed Rose Vivian's hand in yours. I gave her to you then bright, beautiful, and blooming with health and hope. I came to Florence, and find her weak, lonely, sorrowful. Yes, yes, I saw it all; and, mark my words, Herbert Graham, DYING!"

"Dying!" The word was echoed from Herbert's blanched lips, but he scarcely knew its import, so great had been the shock. Dying! Why should Rose die? She lived, she breathed but in him; why should she die then, if she was still necessary to his happiness?

"Yes, dying," continued Dr. Grey, in a voice trembling with emotion, "and yet I find you here! She would tell me nothing, but persisted in saying she was happy, and that you were her own dear loving husband still. But the height to which her illness has attained without one effort made to check its progress—the lonely look of everything about her—the tears I saw she had recently been shedding—the difficulty with which she evaded my questions about the hour of your return—all this has proved to me the existence of a state of things which I would have deemed impossible two hours ago."

Still Herbert did not reply; the words, "Dying, dying," were all he could pronounce. He could not think or reason clearly; he was as yet stupified; aroused for the first time from a dream of excitement and dissipation to a sudden dizzy waking of remorse.

Dr. Grey mistook the motives of his silence, and resumed bitterly: "They must take the child away, unless you wish him to die also, and so be a free man at once. I tell you it is death for him to sleep by her side. I almost said as much to her myself, to induce her to consent to his removal, and then she gave me a look which pierced my very soul! But a few weeks, two or three months at the most, will end it all now; she cannot last much more. The only chance to prolong life is to keep up hope; so I must encourage her, poor thing, for I see how she is linked to that child, and it will be hard for her to be told at once that she must leave him—leave him to the same neglect that has been her lot!"

"Oh, doctor!" said Herbert wildly, "if you do not wish to drive me mad, do not taunt me so! What neglect, what unkindness? Has she accused me, has she complained?"

"No, not a word, not a whisper! Yet had she not good cause? Herbert Graham, who could stand for half an hour in this room, and care to repeat that question? But you will be emancipated soon. I came to announce it to you, and I am going now."

"Stay, stay," implored Herbert, clasping his hand; "I have not heard aright. I do not yet understand—Rose dying! my own, true, devoted wife? No, no, not dying; very ill, very ill, but not dying! It was to startle, to try me, that you said it?"

"Why, whence this outbreak?" retorted the old man; "you ought rather to thank me for the good news I have brought. Consider how soon you will be rid of even this slight impediment to your freedom and enjoyment! You will shortly be able to dance, and act, and gamble, without one thought of the pale face bending over her child's cradle in solitary anxiety at home—ever coming between your pleasure and your conscience!"

Before Herbert was sufficiently collected to reply, the doctor disengaged himself from his grasp, and hastily disappeared. In another moment Herbert himself was rushing through the rooms, leaving all who beheld him in wonder at his disordered manner, and pale, horror-stricken countenance, while he threw himself into a carriage and ordered the driver to take him with all speed towards his home.

## THE PHILADELPHIA PRINTER.

NO. III.

GEORGE III had not a more loyal subject than Benjamin Franklin when he reached England for the third time in December, 1764. The question which led to the American war of independence, had indeed been mooted before he left home, and he carried with him a remonstrance on the subject from the assembly of Pennsylvania. But no one then foresaw to what it would tend; and the object of Franklin's mission to England at this time—a curious circumstance in the light of his future life—was to solicit royal instead of proprietary government for Pennsylvania, the old disputes having broken out afresh. This business, however, was ere very long merged, in a great measure, in the more important differences between the mother country and her American colonies generally.

Franklin had come to England as agent for Pennsylvania; and while there he was requested by the states of Georgia, New Jersey, (of which his son was governor, a royal appointment, given to him doubtless for the father's sake,) and Massachusetts, to fill the same office on their behalf. Still affairs lingered; the causes of complaint were unremoved, nor could any active and decisive measures be obtained regarding them. Thus years passed on, spent in the intervals of political business by our agent very much as during his former visit. Tours were made in various parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and on the continent. Scientific experimenting, and correspondence, with pleasant visits to many hospitable mansions, to nobles and commoners, to men of trade and men of science, occupied his days. All were eager to entice to their homes the philosophic but practical and genial American. One of his favourite retreats was Troyford in Hampshire, the summer residence of his dear friend, Dr. Shipley, bishop of St. Asaph, with whom and his accomplished daughters he continued to correspond during the remainder of his life. At Troyford the first part of his autobiography was written.

Notwithstanding these alleviations of the sadness of an exile's lot, we like Franklin all the better that we find him not seldom heartily homesick. Now he hopes to return in a few months, then certainly the next year; but months and years glide on, and he is still detained. At length the plot thickens, the breach between Britain and her transatlantic possessions widens. Franklin is blamed for the obstinacy of the colonies, and finds himself most unpleasantly situated. On one occasion he was fiercely attacked at a meeting of the privy council, at which he was present as colonial agent, by Wedderburn, solicitor-general, and the next day he was officially informed of his dismissal from the place which he had so long held at the head of the American post-office. At another time he was subjected to a public attack in the house of lords, to which he was introduced by lord Chatham, who frequently consulted him on American affairs. His lordship this day submitted to the house, in the form of a bill, his plan for reconciling the disputants. It was violently opposed, and Lord Sandwich declared that he could not believe the bill proceeded from a

British peer; it was more likely the work of some American; and, turning towards Dr. Franklin, who was leaning on the bar, said, "he fancied he had in his eye the person who drew it up—one of the bitterest and most mischievous enemies this country had ever known." Lord Chatham indignantly replied, that the bill was his own, but that "if he were the first minister of this country, and had the care of settling this momentous business, he should not be ashamed of publicly calling to his assistance a person so perfectly acquainted with the whole of American affairs as the gentleman alluded to and so injuriously reflected on; one, he was pleased to say, whom all Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom, and ranked with our Boyles and Newtons; who was an honour, not to the English nation only, but to human nature!"

Many attempts at negotiation had been carried on. Again and again Franklin had been consulted on this and the other plan, but all was fruitless. The crisis approached, and he prepared to leave England in a very different mood towards the mother country from that in which he reached it.

He had but a desolate home to return to, his wife, to whom, notwithstanding their long separations, he appears to have been ever warmly attached, having died a few months before his departure from Britain. But he had little time to brood over private sorrows. America was in a ferment, and amongst its patriots no one was more active and determined than Franklin. He had long hoped and struggled for a peaceful settlement of their differences, and one which should still leave them a portion of the British empire, "that fine and noble porcelain vase," as he calls it, which, "with unfeigned and unwearied zeal," he endeavoured to preserve from breaking. But all such thoughts were now at an end, and the old man threw himself, with more than youthful vigour and energy, into the struggle for independence.

Franklin arrived at Philadelphia on the 5th of May, 1775, after an absence of more than ten years. The next day he was chosen by the assembly of Pennsylvania a delegate to the second continental congress, which was to meet at Philadelphia on the 10th of that month. A very anxious and very busy year follows. And then comes the famous declaration of independence, which passed congress on the 4th of July. Franklin was one of the committee of five chosen to prepare this important document, which was drafted by Jefferson.

A few months after this, our patriot of three-score and ten is again on the wide Atlantic, crossing this time not to England, but to England's old enemy, France, to solicit the assistance of that nation in his country's struggle. He is one of three commissioners appointed to this delicate service. France, nothing loath to weaken England, furnished secret assistance at once, and after thirteen months espoused the American cause. On the 6th of February, 1778, treaties were signed binding both nations not to lay down arms till the independence of the colonies was achieved. On the 20th of March the American commissioners were introduced to the king at Ver-



sailles, and henceforth appeared at his court as the representatives of an independent power. The philosophic printer was an object of great curiosity. A French historian, describing his presentation at court, says: "His age, his venerable aspect, the simplicity of his dress, everything fortunate and remarkable in the life of this American, contributed to excite public attention." By the populace he was greeted with clapping of hands and acclamations of joy, which were renewed whenever he appeared in Paris. At court, which he frequented on the same footing as the ambassadors of the European powers, he appeared in the dress of an American farmer. "His straight, unpowdered hair," writes Madame Campan, "his round hat, his brown cloth coat, formed a singular contrast with the laced and embroidered coats, and powdered and perfumed heads, of the courtiers of Versailles." On the 14th of September, Franklin was by congress appointed minister plenipotentiary to the court of France, the commission being then dissolved.

Two grandsons accompanied the old man to Paris, and he at once established for himself a home in the pleasant village of Passy, in the neighbourhood of the capital. There and at Anteuil he formed some agreeable friendships, especially with M. Brillon and Madame Helvétius, in whose houses he became quite domesticated, and at whose tables he frequently met the most distinguished *savans* of Paris. For these kind neighbours some of his most popular essays and humorous pieces, as the "Ephemera," the "Whistle," and the "Dialogue with the Gout," were written—bagatelles, as he denominated the whole. By all classes in Paris, from the court downwards, Franklin was treated with marked distinction: every coterie, literary, scientific, and political, delighted to do him honour.

Yet amidst these pleasures—alas! that they should be so entirely of the "earth earthy"—the aged man had many cares and vexations. Active as were his habits, he groaned under the load of labour which devolved upon him. And then what was to be the issue of the contest? "You are too early, Hussy," he writes to a fair royalist, "as well as too saucy, in calling me *rebel*. You should wait for the event, which will determine whether it is only a rebellion or a revolution." But while the event was yet uncertain, the suspense of those so deeply interested as Franklin was sufficiently painful. Nor were other vexations wanting. He had enemies at home, active and zealous, often plotting against him in congress, and causing great annoyance to himself and his friends. Then there were the horrors of war, which, to his honour be it recorded, he never ceased to grieve over. It is true that for the time his old love to England and its king had not only cooled, but turned into very gall and bitterness; but he never for a moment, even amidst the triumphs of his country, regarded war with any other feeling than that of detestation. To Dr. Priestly he writes: "We make daily great improvements in *natural*, there is one I wish to see in *moral*, philosophy—the discovery of a plan that would induce and oblige nations to settle their disputes without first cutting one another's throats." "I have been apt to think," he says, in a letter to bishop Shipley,

"that there has never been, nor ever will be, any such thing as a *good war* or a *bad peace*."

It is pleasing to notice also that, in his exalted station, he retains all the simplicity of the habits of his earlier and humbler years. To his only daughter, Mrs. Bache, he writes: "I was charmed with the account you give me of your industry, the table-cloths of your own spinning, etc.; but the latter part of the paragraph, that you had sent for linen from France because weaving and flax were grown dear, alas! that dissolved the charm; and your sending for long black pins, and lace, and *feathers*! disgusted me as much as if you had put salt into my strawberries. The spinning, I see, is laid aside, and you are to be dressed for the ball! You seem not to know, my dear daughter, that of all the dear things in this world, idleness is the dearest, except mischief." . . . "When I began to read your account of the high price of goods, 'a pair of gloves seven dollars, a yard of common gauze twenty-four dollars, and that it now required a fortune to maintain a family in a very plain way,' I expected you would conclude with telling me that everybody as well as yourself was grown frugal and industrious; and I could scarce believe my eyes in reading forward, that 'there never was so much dressing and pleasure going on,' and that you yourself wanted black pins and feathers from France, to appear, I suppose, in the mode! This leads me to imagine that perhaps it is not so much that the goods are grown dear, as that the money is grown cheap, as everything else will do when excessively plenty, and that people are still as easy nearly in their circumstances as when a pair of gloves might be had for half-a-crown. The war, indeed, may in some degree raise the prices of goods, and the high taxes which are necessary to support the war may make our frugality necessary; and as I am always preaching that doctrine, I cannot in conscience or in decency encourage the contrary by my example in furnishing my children with foolish modes and luxuries. I therefore send all the articles you desire that are useful and necessary, and omit the rest; for, as you say, you should 'have great pride in wearing anything I send, and showing it as your father's taste.' I must avoid giving you an opportunity of doing that with either lace or feathers. If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace, and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every cock's tail."

On the 30th of November, 1782, the treaty of peace with England was signed at Paris—a glad and happy day for Dr. Franklin. With this signature vanished all feelings of hostility to the old country. It was again to him the venerated land of his ancestors—the home now of many of his dearest and most valued friends. After a residence of nearly nine years in France, Franklin began his journey home on the 12th of July, 1785. Unable, more from disease than from years, to bear the motion of a carriage, the queen's litter was placed at his service, and in this vehicle, borne by Spanish mules, he travelled to Havre de Grace. Thence he crossed to Southampton, where he was visited by bishop Shipley and some other English friends, also by his son William, the former governor of New Jersey, who, much to his father's

chagrin, had embraced the loyalist cause in the revolutionary struggle, and was now settled in England. Four days only were spent at Southampton, and once more, and for the last time, Franklin's home is on the waters.

The 14th of September was an exciting and bustling day in Philadelphia. Bells were ringing, cannon firing, and an immense concourse of people assembled at Market-street wharf to see an aged man debark. It was a touching welcome! How the thoughts of this distinguished citizen must have run back to that autumn day more than sixty years before, when, a poor lad, tired, dirty, hungry, and nearly penniless, he first trod those streets. A long and prosperous life, strangely but happily chequered, lay between these two days. Yet how quickly gone—as a tale that is told, as a shadow that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.

Honours, well-earned honours, were showered upon our statesman. Addresses of congratulation and thanks were presented to him by the assembly of Pennsylvania and various societies. When only a few days at home, he was elected a member of the supreme executive council of Pennsylvania, and afterwards advanced to the highest honour this state had to bestow, the office of president, corresponding with that of governor in the other states. For some years he continued to take a part in public affairs, and always in a manner creditable to him. He was a member of the convention for forming the constitution of the United States, which met at Philadelphia in May, 1787. Several weeks were spent, and little progress made, owing to the great diversity of opinion prevailing amongst its members, whereupon Franklin introduced a motion (which was rejected) for daily prayers. He reminded them how, when their contest with Britain began, they had daily prayers in that room. Their prayers were answered, and all of them who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in their favour. "And," he continues, "have we now forgotten that powerful Friend? or do we imagine we no longer need his assistance? I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid. We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings, that 'except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without his concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests, our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages."

It is pleasing to record that Franklin's "last public act was to sign, as president, a memorial from the abolition society of Pennsylvania to congress, and the last paper which he wrote was on the same subject." A member of congress had made a speech in favour of negro slavery. A clever parody of the speech was composed by Franklin, in which he represented Sidi Mehemet Ibrahim using in the divan of Algiers the same arguments

against the abolition of piracy and slavery, and in favour of plundering and enslaving Europeans, that the American senator had urged in justification of negro slavery. This piece was written only twenty-four days before the author's death.

The printer's last years were surrounded with much that was desirable and pleasing—easy circumstances, an affectionate domestic circle in his daughter and her family, attached and congenial friends, a mind ever fresh and active, a cheerful temper, a continued capacity for social enjoyments, and a world-wide fame as a philosopher, a patriotic statesman, and a philanthropist. There was scarcely aught left for him to desire so far as this life is concerned.

But he is approaching the grave. How does he look forward to that? Calmly enough. The Providence which has been so kind to him in this life will, he doubts not, be kind to him in the next also. The truth is, that Benjamin Franklin, the most sagacious of men in all that concerns this life, appears contented to enter on eternity with less care to examine the grounds of his hope and the character of his prospects regarding it than he would have thought necessary in the settlement of any question involving temporal interests. A friend, desirous to know his religious views, wrote to him on the subject a short time before his death, and received in reply a somewhat loose and vague confession of faith, with the remark in regard to a very essential point, "It is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble." Strange it did not occur to him that it might be then too late. There was a book in his hands, and a book which he professed to venerate too, which appeared at least to speak very distinctly on this and other points which he was content to leave in a state of similar uncertainty, and on the necessity of a living faith in them in this world, which appeared at least not to leave it to the option of men whether to examine and receive them now or hereafter. Was it not worth while to examine whether the book really did say that which it seemed and was by many believed to assert? And if it did so speak, was it not worth while to examine by what authority? If that were indeed divine, then what was the alternative of neglect? What! Surely dreadful enough to make a wise man feel that of all questions, this should be first and most carefully settled.

The difference of Franklin's conduct in his treatment of things secular and things religious affords a melancholy but instructive study. In the one case all is consistency, in the other all inconsistency. He early saw that some religion was necessary to the temporal well-being of men, indispensable to the safe and right working of society, and ever after his almost boyish years he evidently considered the man who attacked Christianity as doing that which was inimical to the best interests of his fellow men. He formed a kind of liturgy for his own private use; he subscribed at all times liberally to the erection of churches, which he seldom frequented; when about to sail for England, he affectionately entreated his daughter never to neglect attendance on public worship; and in a

preface which he wrote to an abridged edition of the "Book of Common Prayer," the obligation and benefits of worship and other religious observances are solemnly dwelt upon. Yet all this while his religion is vague and unsatisfactory. Beyond the principles of natural religion, nothing seems thoroughly ascertained and settled. Living in the light of a revelation, the truth and excellence of which, after a fashion, he admits, he is content to leave in a great measure unexamined and unsettled the precise character of its contents and the extent of its authority. It is this world, this state, which fills the man's heart and mind. The portal of existence is examined with curious and prying eyes; its stones, its cement, its very dust are all taken careful note of; but there are few thoughts for the vast edifice beyond.

Franklin died on the 17th of April, 1790, having then entered on his eighty-fifth year. On the 21st he was carried through a mourning city to an honoured grave. Congress, then sitting in New York, passed a resolution that its members should wear mourning for one month. When the news reached Paris, the national assembly decreed that its members should wear the customary badge of mourning for three days. The commune of Paris ordered a public celebration in honour of the memory of Franklin, the eulogy on the occasion being pronounced by the abbé Fauchet.

Benjamin Franklin may be regarded as a high specimen of a merely worldly man; towering indeed far above the mass of his fellows in character and social virtues, as well as in talent. His distinguished regard to the public good, and his great private benevolence, command our esteem, while his great intellectual endowments excite our admiration. Yet while tracing his life, we are oppressed with the feeling of the narrowness of our horizon. It closes around us *here*, and we feel as well as know that this is not our all, and wish to be able to look abroad and beyond, to breathe a pure atmosphere and tread on firmer ground. Firmer ground we say, advisedly; for however men of Franklin's stamp may pronounce the present firm, the future speculative and filmy, there is that in man which fails not to suggest that this is the shadow—the future the substance. And this suggestion Christianity converts into certain belief. In Dr. Franklin's character, we desiderate sublimity of motive and of aim. He reasons admirably in a certain line, but it is a short one. His eye, so true and keen, ranges over only half a sphere, much less than half—a very corner. His judgment is clearly cognizant of one class of truths, his conscience influenced by one class of motives and obligations, his heart responsive to one class of affections, but none of these the highest or the purest. Franklin was unquestionably a very great man in his own way, but place beside him the thoroughly Christian philosopher, patriot, statesman, or philanthropist—and happily not a few such can be referred to—and we immediately exclaim, "This man is of a nobler order still."

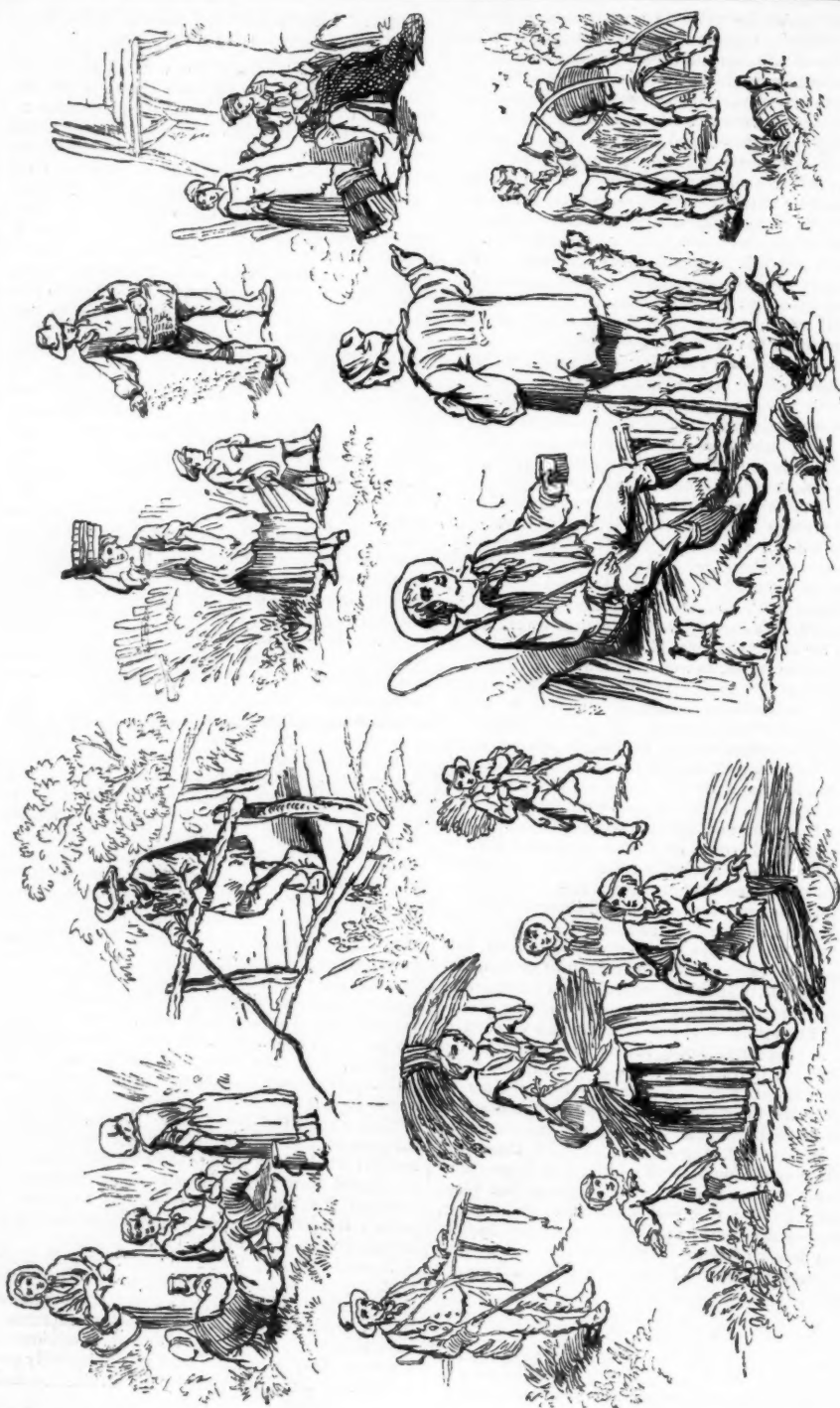
## THE PLEASURES OF LEARNING TO DRAW.

FROM the earliest ages of the world, there is reason to believe man must have shown a peculiar bent for the art of delineation, his necessities requiring that he should possess the tendency, and ensuring its development. We know that long before these necessities led him to the simple yet wonderful invention of letters, they compelled him to make use of pictorial representations to assist in communicating to others the ideas he wished to impart otherwise than orally. Thus pictures, carved or drawn, on stone, wood, and surfaces of various descriptions, in a great measure served him to perform, though obscurely, the office writing now fulfils for us with such completeness.

But men did not abandon drawing when writing as a system was perfected. On the contrary, a marked and probably rapid improvement took place in art as soon as it was relieved from doing the work of the letter. Those ancient nations, the Egyptians and Assyrians, partially obliged, as may be seen in the courts of the Crystal Palace, to confine the record of matters they would commemorate, to pictures—often prolix and uncertain as means of expression, and nearly as unsatisfactory as works of art—made but little progress in truthful delineation of objects, compared with the less ancient Greeks. The curious observer who carefully surveys the long array—in the Assyrian court, on the pillars of the temple of Isis, or the walls of the palace of Sardanapalus—of men, beasts, and birds, all of one pattern, far more like figures stamped out with a rude die than figures drawn with the easy gliding pencil, must be struck with their pictorial imperfections. And the same observer must be again struck by the change he encounters on passing into the Greek court, or the Pompeian, amongst objects designed alone as works of pure art. There are not merely statues but pictures likewise, the productions of the chisel, the pencil and brush; and how varied, how graceful, how life-like are these! Take, for instance, the chained dog in the doorway of the Pompeian court, and compare him with one of his species to be seen in the triumph of Sesostris, depicted in the Assyrian court; or compare the figure of Nimrod choking the young lion under his arm with any hunter and animal displayed in the Grecian court. Art has gained so much in the interval between the periods in which these objects were respectively designed, that one feels that the people of the earlier period must have lived during the time art was in its "infancy." Birds have added plumage to their wings, the horse snuffs the air and paws the ground, and man, no longer portrayed like an upright stick, with prongs inserted right and left—relieved from the uniformity of attitude which cramped his limbs for ages—seems to move in perfect freedom amongst objects that command his admiration and cheer his life.

It would be easy for us to show, were it likely that any of our readers needed to be shown, that the superiority of the Greeks over earlier nations in art, was an essential element of that supremacy in civilisation for which they were celebrated. Pagan as they were, their art was necessarily polluted in its moral influence by the service to which

THE SAVIOUR.—Take Christ for your hope, his character for your model, his love for your motive, his spirit for your strength, and his promises for your encouragement.





it was chiefly put. Nevertheless, it exercised upon them one of the most salutary influences which the world has known apart from the blessed influence of the Christian religion. It filled the eye of their mind with noble and graceful forms, which they could not but copy in their own growth and carriage. It made familiar to the common people the lofty and beautiful conceptions of their poets, and thus taught even husbandmen and artificers to imitate the heroic in their daily life. It insensibly refined their manners and softened their dispositions. It acted as a charm against their lapsing into barbarism, when it could no longer act as a charm against corruption; and checked the spread of Spartan cruelty, though it could not prevent the vices of Corinth. It was powerless against the arms of Rome, and yet subdued by its fascination the rude conquerors of its chosen seat and the spoilers of its temple.

The revival and diffusion of art in modern times has been attended by similar results. Let the reader cross the floor of the Crystal Palace from the courts of Grecian and Roman to those of what is termed Christian art, and he will see how it was, at least in part, that the barbarism, cruelty, and sensuality of Europe during the dark ages was enlightened, soothed, and subdued. The costly beauty of Byzantine architecture, the solemn splendour of the Gothic, the faithful portraiture of Giotto and his followers, leading on to the gigantic creations of Michael Angelo and the marvellous productions of Raphael—all helped, it cannot be conceived how greatly, to infect with tenderness the rude, to solace the sorrowful, and to guide the aspiring, in the long ages when there was for the many no Bible, and from the pulpit little truth.

In recent times we have ourselves beheld a love of art marching hand in hand with a love of reading, and penetrating the homes of the poorest and most scattered. There is scarcely a garret so cheerless, or a cottage so mean, but the owner has embellished it with a print, a picture, a china ornament, or some such attempt to make the beautiful a presence there. There is scarcely a book or periodical addressed to the million, but it appeals by its illustrations to the eye of the mind whose ear it would win for its instructions. It is in fact so natural that the diffusion of such works should tend to interest and inform, that the friends of education are becoming anxious that the supply should neither be unwatched nor undirected. In the lectures given in connection with the recent Educational Exhibition the subject was adverted to; and in the Exhibition itself there was no lack of material for the elucidation of the principles which should govern the supply.

We are strongly of opinion, however, that there is nothing so effectual for the art-education of the people as to induce the people themselves to become artists. We do not mean that they should be encouraged to prefer art to artizanship or trade as a means of livelihood, or that they can ever, as a body, attain distinguished excellence with the pencil while accustomed to the use of rougher tools. But we mean to say that the rudimentary laws and practice of art should be imparted to all. To learn to draw should not be more uncommon than to learn to write, to play, or to sing. This is essential for the fair and complete development

of our faculties, and every man has an eye for accuracy and grace, just as every man has an ear for melody and harmony, the one faculty requiring and being entitled to education as much as the other. Perhaps, also, in no branch of study does the pupil, particularly if young, derive such pleasure from his progress as in learning to draw. His materials may be rude, and the rules few and simple, yet how delightful and valuable are the results attained. Gratifying at once the instinct that is common to children, and the ambition that is almost peculiar to youth, he sees himself with delight the author of something. He puts on a blank paper, or a dull board, images that have the double charm of resemblance and originality. He carries away, after a little labour, the representation of a pleasing landscape, a pretty cottage, a venerable gateway, or even of a beloved face—and pleasure in his skill mingles with joy in his acquisition. He finds likewise that he can turn his accomplishment to a thousand uses of pleasure, and that it enhances his enjoyment of life in a multitude of ways. He quiets a group of noisy children by sitting down amongst them to draw. He prolongs his use of a borrowed book by copying the plates that have made it costly. He sees a new beauty in the sky now that its every change of aspect offers a fresh challenge to his pencil. He finds in the leafy or the withered tree, in the grass-grown pool, in the prattling brook, in birds and beasts, even in a dead wall or a common brick-house, models that may try his powers. At home or abroad he is armed against dulness, for with a few slips of paper and two or three pencils he can make the moments glide along unfelt, yet leaving every one its foot-print of industry. By the river-bank, where others spend hours in angling for a poor little fish, he can pursue his "gentle craft," and even from the window of a country inn, on a wet day, he may see much that will amuse him to depict. Being thus armed against *ennui* and indolence, he is armed against two of the worst foes to innocence; while at the same time he is forming around him a pure and healthful mental atmosphere, the precursor often of higher moral attainments.

Of late years schools of design have been established in the metropolis and large towns, and have done much to art-educate the people, or rather to raise up a class of artists from the people. But as the masses have not the opportunity of attending these institutions, the only means open to them of art-cultivation are those of self-instruction, through which such as cannot obtain the aid of masters may effect considerable rudimentary progress. Many eminent painters may be said to have commenced their career self-taught, their biographies presenting examples of patient enduring industry unaided, and struggling against innumerable difficulties, with, too, almost improvised materials—the charred stick and whitewashed wall.

Self-instruction, however, may be assisted and completed by the use of practical works on drawing devoted to the express purpose of aiding those who are confined to their own resources. A work of this description we have recently met with, and can commend, called the "National Drawing Master."\* Therein may be found the requisite exam-

\* London: Ackermann & Co. 96, Strand. 1854.

ples, rules, etc., with, according to its advertisement, an easy system of self-instruction, precluding the acquirement of a habit of false drawing, yet properly disciplining the eye, hand, and judgment of learners; and as drawing paper is given with each sixpenny part of the publication, the work is so cheap that it may be said to be within the reach of all classes. The engravings accompanying this article are specimens of the copies given in the book alluded to, the principle upon which it is drawn being that of showing distinctly, for the purposes of rudimentary practice, the kinds of shading lines and pencil touches that produce pictorial effect.

So important are the national advantages to be derived through art education, that it is the duty of the heads of families who can afford to do so to make it a part of the education of their children. Nor is it less incumbent on them to do their utmost towards furthering the development of a taste for art pursuits amongst the lower classes, by assisting them to obtain means of instruction, or by affording them, if possible, occasional direction. How much drunkenness, how much vice, to what an extent the contraction of depraved habits amongst working men and their families, might be prevented if they could be induced to spend their "leisure hour" in the practice of drawing, even though the occupation were not, as it is, naturally refining in its influence on the mind, and elevating in its power over thought and imagination; for these we well know are but too prone to be evil if not raised by secular pursuits to the frequent contemplation of the benevolence, perfection, and wondrous magnificence of the works of nature, and a concurrent unceasing adoration of their Divine Creator.

Art pursuits being eminently calculated to lead to these inestimable results, cottagers and town-dwelling artisans might be encouraged by their wealthier neighbours to meet together at each other's houses, or suitable places, there to form amongst themselves drawing classes, contributing each, perhaps, a trifle towards the purchase of occasional prizes for mutual competition. This would greatly assist the cultivation of a spirit of peace and goodwill amongst the lower ranks of the people; it would tend to keep them from public-houses and other evil haunts, nay even, up to a certain point, from evil thoughts and ways. That the day, therefore, will speedily arrive when every Englishman shall have a cultivated taste and practical skill in things concerning art is the cherished hope and feeling of the writer of this paper, assured as he is, that a degree of moral, social, and, above all, religious welfare would ensue from this taste rightly directed.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF MY ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

It is now some years since, in returning from the Pyrenees, I stopped for a day at the town of Carcassone, in the ancient province of Languedoc. Being a member of the gentler sex, I might have been there a little impressed, it may be, with the romance of the olden time, as the region of the troubadours has been invested by poets with

charms which in reality it does not possess. However, I must say that the chief cause of my stay at Carcassone, and the principal interest it possessed for me, arose from the historic fact that the ancient town, which towers on the rocky height above the neat and commonplace one that has grown up on the plain beneath it, was the feudal stronghold of that brave and interesting knight, Raymond, who so long defended his Albigenic subjects in the home crusade of the papal army in the thirteenth century.

I had spent most part of the day in ascending to that great fortress—the most perfect feudal fortress, I believe, remaining in France; in trying to thread my way through the repulsively filthy lanes of the old town; in visiting the ancient church, where still remains the tomb of the formidable enemy of the Albigenes, the terrible Simon de Montfort; and in ruminating about the frowning castle from whence the brave young knight was decoyed, in the hope of relieving his unfortunate people from the horrors of famine, to the camp of the papal legate, from which he returned no more. It was late in the autumn, indeed it was the beginning of November—but in the south of France, and in a season so fine as that one was, the air was mild and warm as a summer evening with us—when, after a rest at the hotel, I went with my party to meet the boat that steams along the great canal du Languedoc, the greatest water-work, I think, in France, having been formed in the time of Louis XIV. in order to connect the waters of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. In the bureau into which we entered, a great clamour was going on. French travellers were talking and *gendarmes* looking busy and important; outside of it, the most unbroken stillness reigned. It was literally dark as pitch; neither moon nor stars were visible; but the sky seemed very far off, and of a deep clear purple hue; the air was warm and motionless. I threw off a heavy cloak, which I had put on for night travelling, and—why, I know not—took from my pocket some heavy articles—five franc pieces among them—and divesting myself of all burdens, left the noisy bureau, and wearing only a light and long silk scarf on my shoulders, the ends of which were loosely tied in a knot before, I walked away by myself down the silent road.

Meditating and musing, I walked on too far: the deep stillness and intense darkness recalled me to a recollection of this. I literally might use the terms, "you could not see your hand," and "you might hear a pin fall," for darkness and silence were as perfect as I have ever known them to be. I did not meet a creature, or any living thing to excite an emotion of fear; and it was with an unconscious sense of security that I turned round on recollecting that it was time to go back to the bureau. In doing so, a gleam of something white on the roadside dimly appeared, and in the rather dreamy state of mind in which I was, it recalled to my thoughts the white footways of English towns. Never reflecting that I was on a road, and not in a street, I crossed over, right across the highway, thinking it was better to walk on the footpath, and so I marched straight over the parapet of the great canal du Midi!

What a wonderful moment is that to recall! and yet when the event was transpiring, there seemed

nothing strange in it. In the act of falling, though not, I suppose, more than a second in duration, my mind took in several distinct thoughts. I had no idea the canal was beneath me; I thought I had fallen down some stone steps, and I reflected that I should be hurt, perhaps severely; but I resolved not to mind it, but to go on my journey. I recollected I had courage to bear pain, and I felt sure no limb would be broken. This, and the consequences of being left behind by myself, all flashed through my brain in that instant. The next moment I heard a splash; I heard the boom of the water—heard it before I was sensible of feeling it. Then—much more calmly than I can write them now—I said these words to myself, “I am in the canal, but I shall be saved!” Why I thought I should be saved I know not, for no human means of deliverance appeared to be within reach. I knew this, for I was far from the bureau, and had been delighting in the perfect stillness and solitude; but somehow I felt a confidence, and no shadow of a fear for a moment assailed me. I uttered no cry in falling, but from the water I cried as loudly and long as I could. I recollected having heard long before, when the “Rothsay Castle” was lost at Liverpool, that if the poor ladies who were drowned then had had the courage to lie flat on the water, without struggling or beating it, they would have floated, perhaps, till help came. I tried to do this, and when I felt my hands paddling the water, I laid them down again. Rapidly through my mind passed many thoughts, but not one of dread, of fear, of horror. I thought of my friends; of the possibility of its being said I had committed suicide; and, above all, I had one thought and one feeling which I scarcely like to mention, as it looks presumptuous—it was the thought, not of death, but as it were of something before me exactly as one might feel on drawing close to the end of a journey, when one was to be presented to some friend as yet personally unknown. I cannot describe it otherwise. I know only that the name and the thought of the Saviour passed without one feeling of terror through my mind. I do not know much more. My cries ceased, and my head sunk, and oblivion fell upon me!

At length I became dimly conscious again. I was then being pulled up the side of the great wall that bounded the vast basin of water into which I had fallen. Then it was that a horror of great darkness fell upon me, an intense agony, a fear of death, a clinging love of life. I was being drawn up only by the silk scarf, the knot of which had most singularly saved my life; for it had risen to my throat, while behind, the scarf filling like a bag, had floated on the water, and thus not only tended to maintain me near the surface, but was the only thing which in the darkness could be caught hold of by my preserver. I was conscious, certainly, of being drawn up, but I was senseless to all else. I was blind, deaf, and powerless, even after I had been taken to the hotel. I could not discern the faces around me, nor hear, nor answer questions. I was only sensible of a great horror.

The next day I was well; and but for the appearance of my clothes, and my still wet hair, I might have thought the event of the last evening had passed only in a dreadful fit of nightmare.

My first inquiry on rising was for the men who had been the instruments of a gracious Providence in saving my life. I had settled it with myself that they were two workmen in white fustian jackets—not a usual French costume; but why I concluded this I do not know. I wished to give them some money; and I said so to the chambermaid.

“Ah!” she replied, “he has been here twice to inquire for madame.” I placed my money ready on the table, and desired her to send the men up to me. In a few moments the door opened, and a very elegant and handsome young Frenchman entered. I saw my money might remain where it was. But I did not think of it at all at the moment. I put out my hand, and said only, “It was you saved me?” But indeed any one would have thought that I had saved the gentleman instead of his having saved me. With an expression of gratitude and thankfulness, he took my hand, with the air and words of one on whom had been conferred a favour. Poor young man! His own fate has since, I fear, been sad! But how mistaken are our stereotyped national notions of the French character. What generosity, kindness, affectionate earnestness, were in that French heart. He told me that he had been led out that evening by the same stillness that had charmed me. He had been returning from a solitary walk, during which, like myself, he had not met any creature stirring, when he heard from a distance a woman’s cries. He ran in the direction, calling also, as he said, “A moi! à moi!” but no one came except a boy, and this boy it was who pulled me up by my scarf when he had raised me from the water.

How poor and weak seem the expressions of human thanksgiving in reviewing such an event as this! We seem forced to draw upon that exhaustless treasury which the saints of old have left us, and to use their words while our hearts pray for more of their spirit, even that spirit of praise which the psalmist possessed when he said, “I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever.” All that I can say for my own part is, that the longer I live, and the further I recede from that evening of my escape from drowning, the more seriously do I review the occurrence, and the more cause for thankfulness do I perceive to Him who holdeth our souls in life.

#### THE MOTHER OF THE CZAR.

MARY FEDEROVNA, the mother of the present emperor of Russia, was born princess of Wurtemberg in 1759. At the age of seventeen she was wedded to the crazy despot, Paul, and, though kind to her, his cruel tyranny embittered her life. Paul’s caprices have been so recently adverted to in an article upon him in this journal, that they need not here be again detailed. On ascending the throne, he entrusted to his wife the superintendence of the establishment for the daughters of the nobility which had been founded at St. Petersburg in 1781. She began by giving a sum of fifteen thousand rubles annually from her privy purse, to provide for the poorer girls when they quitted the institution, and to reward the services of governors and professors. In addition to other



plans for the improvement of this institution, she devised for it a system of education. So successful were her efforts that, in 1797, the emperor placed the foundling hospitals of St. Petersburg and Moscow, and other charitable establishments, under her charge. The former were in a ruinous condition, and an income of nine thousand rubles was assigned to them from her privy purse. She adopted a plan which considerably diminished their mortality, and induced the emperor to purchase the adjacent palace and gardens of a Russian nobleman, for she regarded the edifice at St. Petersburg as defective both in size and salubrity. A plan of education was then drawn up by the empress from notes which she had been making for some years.

The foundlings were nursed by peasants; and in order to polish off the rust of vulgarity which they might thus acquire, the empress founded a preparatory school, which they went to when they left their nurses. Several agricultural colonies, admirably organised, were founded for those who wished to follow that mode of life. Twelve pupils were taken into a gardening school at Gatschina; while in 1813 she founded a home for those foundlings who were debarred by sickness or infirmity from gaining a livelihood.

William Allen, the philanthropist, gives us the following account of the foundlings. "The institution does not depend upon the crown, but has ample funds of its own, and sometimes even a surplus at the end of the year. The buildings contain three thousand inhabitants. All children are received who are presented for admission; and if the baptismal registers are sent with any of them, and a wish is expressed respecting the religion in which a child is to be brought up, it is educated accordingly; but if not, they are all educated in the Greek church. This conduct does honour to the tolerant spirit of the directors. From fifteen to twenty infants are received in a day. The apartments, beds, and everything, were clean, and in the nicest order, and perfect tranquillity seemed to reign. The children are instructed in various works of industry, as well as the usual branches of learning, and are kept till they are eighteen years of age. The empress-mother has this establishment under her particular care, and visits it constantly without any notice, sometimes early in the morning, sometimes in the evening, and sometimes at noon."

In 1806 the empress established a small school at Pavlovsk for twelve deaf and dumb pupils. The superfluous funds of the two foundling hospitals enabled her also to found an asylum for widows, and an hospital for the sick. The latter was opened in 1803, and contained two hundred and fifty beds. A country retreat was provided between Peterhoff and Oranien for convalescent patients. A similar hospital was founded at Moscow. To each of these the empress assigned three thousand rubles annually.

William Allen, whom we have already quoted, gives the following account of one of these hospitals in St. Petersburg. "It is open, day and night, to all applicants who bring a passport from the police. There are eight physicians in constant attendance. There is a female superintendent who presides over the nurses, and six of the widows of

charity, who are under a vow to serve the Lord in the persons of the sick, are always there. Their vow permits them to retire from the service, if disabled by infirmity, or, in short, when they will. A black board is placed at the head of each bed, on which the patient's name is neatly written in chalk, and the name of the disease in Latin; the latter, suggested by the emperor, is another trait of his delicate and feeling mind. The empress-dowager places large sums of money at the disposal of the senator for the relief of cases of peculiar distress; and when a peasant, who comes from the country for work in summer, is obliged to resort to this hospital, and he is cured, he is supplied with fur boots and warm clothing to return home. Everything in the power of art to alleviate the miseries of human nature appears to be done here. There is an excellent system of ventilation; the most perfect neatness and order prevail; and, in short, it may be considered as a complete model. I have never seen it equalled anywhere. It seems the work of a most benevolent mind, guided by superior intellect, and working with unbounded means."

In 1798 the empress founded an institute in Moscow for sixty young girls, the children of high government officers, precluded by their birth from admission to the establishment for the daughters of the nobility. At Alexandroski, about ten miles from St. Petersburg, she also founded a large cotton-spinning manufactory. This employed seven hundred and fifty young people, who lived on the premises. A boarding school, a Sunday school, and a library, were a part of the enterprise. The empress had to make up a deficiency between the profits and expenses of this establishment every year.

William Allen, when in Russia, had an interview with the empress. She asked him on that occasion to inspect one of her institutions for orphans, and the following extract from his journal details the result of his visit:—"It is maintained entirely at the expense of the empress-dowager for those children whose parents are artisans. They look healthy, neat, and clean. They are taught reading, writing, the French and German languages, useful kinds of needlework, embroidery, drawing, and knitting. Great pains are taken to find suitable situations for them, when they are of an age to leave the institution, on which they receive one hundred rubles and a complete set of clothing. They rise at six o'clock all the year round, and, besides having prayers, read every evening in the scriptures. There is no difficulty in procuring places for the girls educated there. If some of our English ladies would imitate this illustrious example, how much purer pleasure would they receive than from routs and balls!"

A commercial school had been founded at Moscow in 1772; but it had been perverted from its purpose. The empress reorganised it, removed it to St. Petersburg, and ultimately secured to it three thousand rubles a year by her will. In 1807 her son, the emperor Alexander, placed the house of the orphan daughters of the military at St. Petersburg under her protection. In 1820 she founded a school at the capital for the daughters of soldiers. Two similar schools, for the daughters of sailors and of soldiers employed in



sea service, were founded at Sebastopol and Nikolaief, and all three were largely assisted by the empress.

In 1797, Mary Federovna had assigned from her own means twenty thousand rubles annually for small pensions to the widows of soldiers. In 1802 a house of aid at Gatschina for eighty old peasants, and an hospital at Pavlovsk containing thirty beds, were founded by her and supported at her expense. In 1808 she engaged to see that a legacy left to found an asylum for twenty-four disabled officers was properly applied; and after the campaigns of 1807 and 1812, fifty wounded officers were received into a temporary hospital division established at her cost. To a military school at Simpheropol, designed for old officers, she presented one thousand rubles a-year, and bequeathed to it landed property to the amount of thirty thousand rubles. She engaged to organise and manage an institution to aid foreigners, which had been established at Taganrog by Greek merchants, she granting it one thousand rubles annually. An institution for the sick founded at Moscow by prince Galitzin was another of her charges. But we will stop here, although we have not finished the list of her charities, and will endeavour to give some particulars which will show still more clearly the benevolence of her heart.

In 1828, the present czar requested his mother to undertake the superintendence of all the charitable institutions of St. Petersburg, and she did so. She went into their minutest details and studied their needs. Through Mr. Venning, the empress was in correspondence with Mrs. Fry, who made many important suggestions as to the treatment of lunatics. One of these was, that all except the violent lunatics should dine at a table covered with a cloth and furnished with plates and spoons; and on witnessing the good effects of this arrangement, Mary Federovna exclaimed, "This is one of the happiest days of my life!" She was deeply interested in the insane. Wine, coffee, tea, sugar, and fruit, were sent by her every week for them, and when ailing she visited them. In the last seven months of her life, she visited the asylum fourteen times; a young lunatic, it is recorded, burst into tears when he learnt her death.

On the death of her husband Paul, the empress had claimed the throne, but relinquished her claim to Alexander, her eldest son. This short rivalry between the mother and son did not interrupt their concord. His death, in 1825, was a heavy blow to her. News had come that he was recovering from the illness which had attacked him at Taganrog, and Mary Federovna was returning thanks in the palace chapel. A priest, carrying a cross veiled with crape, came towards her when she was thus engaged. "Man must bow before the decrees of God," he said. She understood him, and fainted. But grief did not dry up the current of her benevolence, and for three more years it continued to flow, until 1828, when she died.

Such are the few traces we have been able to glean of the mother of the present czar, from which we would gather that she was an amiable and benevolent lady. In her hands was largely left the moulding of him whose imperious and obstinate will has caused such torrents of blood to flow. We cannot but lament that the lessons of the mother have been so imperfectly learnt by the son.

## CURIOSITIES OF FRENCH RULE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE following passage from a work not long ago published in Paris, and which for the sake of brevity we condense as well as translate, affords a curious insight into the kingly character of the time, as well as into the principles and operation of its anomalous legislation.

Charles IX, king of Poland, his brother, and the king of Navarre, then very young, who was afterwards Henry IV, having projected, with some of the favourites of the court, a party of pleasure, prolonged it to one of riotous excess, and wound up their orgies by inviting themselves to an evening collation with the provost of Paris. Nantouillet, the provost, who had no great relish for the honour intended him, did all he could to decline it, knowing from experience that the result would be anything but satisfactory. But Charles IX would admit of no excuse, and admonished the provost to prepare for the reception of company. A collation was accordingly served, and no sooner was it ate than the kings and their satellites laid violent hands upon the plate, and broke open the coffers of the unfortunate provost, whom they plundered of fifty thousand francs. This flagrant crime, which its authors regarded as a good joke, was known the next day to all the city; and urged by the general clamour, the president of parliament waited upon Charles, from whom he did not conceal the fact that public indignation pointed to him as the abettor, nay more, as an accomplice in the theft. The king flew into a passion at the unworthy suspicion, and protested that he was an utter stranger to the whole proceeding. The president gratified to hear that the report was false, replied to that effect, and added that he would take immediate measures for the punishment of the calumniators. "No, no," replied the king, "take no notice of what is past; but let Nantouillet understand that if he stirs in the business he will meet more than his match."

This royal mode of raising money was, if possible, excelled in turpitude by the practices of a previous century, when the kings of France systematically augmented their revenues by selling pardons to criminals condemned to death or the galleys. This abuse, which had extended even to the provinces, where the delegates of the royal authority made a market of penal sentences, and compounded with the vilest malefactors, was there repressed by vigorous enactments; but the evil continued to thrive in the centre of government, which derived from its exercise a large but infamous profit. In fact, prisoners were frequently set at liberty by a verbal order of the king while the legal process was pending which was to determine their guilt or innocence; and thus, by a deplorable degradation, the royal authority, the supposed fountain of justice, actually let loose upon society the most desperate criminals whom the law had condemned to suffer its extremest penalty. The provost and the parliament, though compelled to defer to the will of the sovereign, did so with extreme reluctance, and at intervals boldly admonished the reigning princes of the disgrace and the danger of a clemency as ignorant

as it was venal. At length an act was passed forbidding the enlargement of any prisoner whose pardon was not authorised by letters patent, granted after deliberation in full council and sealed with the seal royal.

At that period, as might be reasonably expected, the morality of the people was very much on a par with that of the throne. Every species of fraud and violence was resorted to for gain. Paris swarmed with thieves to such an extent, that to walk abroad after dark, or even in the day time in unfrequented places, without a guard, was inevitably to be plundered. The punishment of thieves was banishment and ear-cropping, but like all persecuted races they thrived and multiplied under persecution. Industry was trammelled and tortured almost as much as crime. The most absurd restrictions upon trade prevented its profitable prosecution. Monopolies were as plentiful as professions, and no man dared to infringe upon his neighbour's pursuit, for fear of ruinous penalties. The regulations of that time appear perfectly ludicrous in modern eyes. For instance, an hotel-keeper was forbidden to keep a cook, out of regard to the interests of the cook who was *not* the keeper of an hotel; and though he might sell cooked meat, he was forbidden to lay a cloth and furnish knives and forks, doubtless lest the cook-shops should lose their customers. But the law did not confine its intermeddling to trades and professions; it set limits to the price of the raiment to be worn, and to the expense of the hospitality to be shown to friends or strangers, and authorized domiciliary visits to the houses of those suspected to be too comfortable, and therefore disaffected; and punished even him who slew the calf to welcome the return of a prodigal with a fine of forty livres.

The list of the prevailing legislative absurdities of that age would fill this entire sheet, but the few cited may serve to convey the lesson to be learned from the whole, namely, that the authority which seeks despotically to fetter industry and control domestic expenditure infallibly creates crime and sows the seeds of insurrection.

#### AN OLD MAN'S MUSINGS.

How well I remember it, and yet it is more than fifty years ago since they pulled down the quaint, old-fashioned grange in which I was born. The spacious kitchen, with its huge fireplace, like a blacksmith's furnace; the old oak staircase, with its massive balusters; the balcony over the front door, with rose branches twined all about it; the grass plot, with its hedge of intermingled box and holly-trees on each side; and the glorious old garden, with its gnarled and bent trunks, that bore loads of fruit despite their bad looks. Yes, I remember all, as if I had but seen them yesterday.

My father, too, with his thoughtful face and steady step; my mother's sunny smile and nimble foot; and my dark-eyed sister, with her merry laugh and full-lipped kiss: aye, I remember them all as they were full sixty years ago. It was a mournful day at Hawthorn-grange, when my father died. I can almost fancy I hear now the piercing shriek my mother gave when they told her he had breathed his last; and I remember

how she threw her arms round me and Lucy, and cried so bitterly, that the tears dropped, or rather ran, from her cheek upon mine.

I was sent soon after this to Dr. Oakham's. How his black gown and his wig struck me dumb with awe when my mother led me into his study all covered round with books! Who would think that this withered hand is so near akin to the chubby palm which I used to put slowly forwards to receive the deserved stripes from the doctor's rod; for he never punished but when we *did* deserve it. Ah me, it is more than half a century ago since George Sheldon and I were so severely caned for taking an unpaid passage in the ferry boat, and leaving it on the wrong side of the river for the ferryman to get back as he could. Poor George! he became a sailor, and was washed overboard at last, and it seems strange to think that the bones of one I loved so well are lying deep under the blue waves of the Atlantic.

Fifty years ago this very year, I went to Ashborough to take the coach for Cambridge. I was going to college; and my mother, after tugging for a long time, had at length succeeded in getting a pile of sandwiches into a coat pocket. She kissed me at the door, and then turned sharply round and left me. I believe she could not see me for tears. I met with a pale-looking student at Stamford, and behaved very deferentially to him, for I had a great reverence for hard-reading students then. I think differently now, for I believe those succeed best who avoid study when they ought to be in bed; and, be that as it may, excessive use of the brain is as really intemperance as excessive use of the stomach. I remember standing up on the coach to catch a distant view of King's-college chapel, and a tide of emotions rolled over me as I came full in view of the town. I cast a glimpse forward to a day when I should be pointed to as one of the distinguished sons of the college to which I was going; but it was a mirage; that day never arrived, and it never will arrive now.

However, I did get honourably through my college career, and took a high place at its close; but the expected happiness which I used to think I should obtain, if I reached a certain point in the class list, was still before me. That was a mirage too. It is strange to look back and see how I kept fancying, year after year, that I should be happy when I had compassed first one and then another object of my ambition. But I was chasing a rainbow; for when I attained the point whence my felicity was to commence, I always found that I had a little further to go before I reached the oasis. But I did reach it at last. I was steering in the wrong course, but I took the Bible for my chart after many disappointments, and then I found the desired haven.

But I am anticipating. I was elected second master of the school where I had myself been a scholar, and instead of shaking hands with Dr. Oakham's rod, I now shook hands with himself, and many a happy hour we spent together.

Why, my spectacles are getting quite dim. Now I know what it is that makes the red fire look so hazy. Aye, it is forty-four years since I and Mary were married. How her hand shook as I put on the ring, and mine too seemed to tremble, but perhaps it was her hand that shook mine. How I

paced our garden too, and looked first towards heaven and then towards our ivy-porched door, to see the servant-maid as she came running out. I knew all was well before she came near enough to tell me that it was "a fine boy," and that "mistress" was "capital." I believe I was more frightened than Mary was, but then she was better than I am, and always had such a cheering trust in Providence. "Come what may," she used to say, "we know all is for the best." I knew this, but I did not seem to believe it so firmly as she did. Next came Edward and then Lucy; we named the first one George: we had but three.

My mother died soon after Lucy was born. She died in my arms. I placed my ear near to her lips to catch her faint whisper. "God bless you!" were her parting words; and he has blessed me. I cannot help crying, and I should be ashamed of myself if I could, when I think of that death-bed scene.

Poor Edward, he went next, and a grievous sight it was to see him borne up the garden, with his brown curly hair hanging backwards from his forehead, and the water dripping from it. We tried everything, but it was in vain. He was drowned. The stem was snapped whilst the flower was yet in bud. God required a sapling for his heavenly garden, and he took him—for I had hope in his death.

A heavier blow came next. Mary came home one autumn afternoon pale and trembling. Death had placed his icy hand upon her and she shook under it. And I shook at the thought of what was coming. It was a dreary time that. I crept silently about, and if anything fell and made a noise it seemed to shoot through me. Poor little Lucy, she looked so serious, and yet she scarcely knew why, for she was too young to have a full understanding of the cause of our grief. Sometimes she would forget and laugh, and then in a moment she would look grave and say: "I will laugh when mamma is better." The doctor looked more and more solemn every day, and at last he called me aside and told me what I had dreaded—that there was scarcely a hope of recovery. She died the next day; and though she could not speak, the look that she gave me as she gently glided away uttered volumes. It told of peace, love, faith within. It was the last glorious effulgence of the setting sun. I hope to see that smile again.

Now that my tears are dried I will go on with my story. George went to Rugby, but I did not send him to college. He did not wish to go. He seemed bent upon being a missionary, and I gladly consented. Seventeen years ago I saw a white speck upon the horizon of the sea—it was the ship that was carrying him to his far distant home. I do not expect ever to see him in this world again. But I have his model often with me. His eldest boy is a frequent visitor at the old school house, and I hope he will tread in his father's steps. He says he hopes so too.

Lucy, poor Lucy, it grieves me to see her, and yet she is very happy. It was a bad sprain, and her ankle is now immovably fixed, but let us be thankful that it was no worse. Her health is excellent, and she can walk a great deal faster than I can, and without the least pain. I could see her heart was full when Edward came to see her the first time after he had learned that she must walk

lately for ever. I watched them both, and I saw her cheek flush and her lip quiver as she said, "Edward, you have heard that I am slightly crippled for life, and I now consider you freed from your ties to me, if you wish to be so." How earnestly she gazed at his features, and how they crimsoned with animation as he replied, "Lucy, banish such thoughts at once, for you wrong me by indulging in them." I heard no more, for I hastened out of the room; but as I closed the door a sound fell upon my ear, which, if it was not that of a kiss, was certainly the closest imitation of it that ever was made. A few months afterwards they were married; and tell me where there is a happier pair than Edward and Lucy Vernon. I never saw one yet, and I am an old man. Little Lucy—for there is another Lucy now—comes and climbs upon my knee to stroke my silvery hair, and I could almost fancy that it is a miniature model of Mary. She must have been just such another as Lucy when she was a girl. How strange it is that faces are handed down in this way.

Why, how I have been talking aloud to myself, and just as if I had a listener. I have got quite a habit of doing so—it seems to bring the past more forcibly before me. How vividly some parts of my past life have flitted by. "Yes, and so you have had a listener, have you not?" said Edward, who had been sitting quietly in the room, with his book laid open on the table before him, earnestly attending to this monologue.

"Why, you went out of the room a short time ago. I never heard you return: I think my deafness increases." "Why, really," he replied, "I thought you meant the story for me all the time."

Thinking that the tale contained some touches of human nature, I penned it down at the time, and now that my father-in-law is dead—he died several years ago—I see no reason why I should not anonymously tell it to the reader. I hope also he sees none.

#### "THE LAST TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT."

WE have been favoured, by his grace the archbishop of Dublin, with the following interesting anecdote connected with the subject of an article entitled, "The last Trial for Witchcraft," that appeared in the "Leisure Hour," No. 144.

The Mr. Plummer, of Gilston (though he then resided at a house called Blakesware, hard by), who took under his protection the poor old woman reputed a witch, Jane Wenham, was the grandfather of the present Archbishop of Dublin, who has often heard from his mother some further particulars which you are welcome to publish if thought worth it.

When he (or any one else) came to visit her in prison, she always entreated them to hear her repeat the Lord's Prayer, in which she never could succeed. But her only error was, saying, according to her vulgar dialect, "Lead us not into no temptation."

When peaceably settled in a cottage in his neighbourhood, he one day charged a waggoner of his, who was sent somewhere with some corn or straw, etc., to give her a lift, as she was desirous of going thither to see some friend. The man's account of the result was, that he called, as directed, at her cottage, and finding that she was not quite ready, he declared he could not wait, and with a light heart drove on without her. "But," said he, "I might as well have waited at her cottage door; for by the time I had got a hundred yards further, just at the foot of the hill, my horses stopped stock still, and not an inch could I get them to stir till the old woman came up!" It never occurred to him that the steep hill he was just beginning to mount could have anything to do with the stop.

## Varieties.

## A THOUGHT FOR THE END OF THE YEAR.

THE man who would excel must be judicious in the allotment, and diligent in the improvement, of his time. It was a maxim of the Latins, that "no one reached the summit of honour, unless he prudently used his time." This prudent use of time, rather than any extraordinary natural power, has been the secret of success, in a vast majority of instances, among those who have been distinguished for extraordinary parts and have accomplished extraordinary results. When Luther was asked how he had found time to translate the Bible, he said, "I did a little every day." The well-known habits of Wesley, with reference to the use of his time, are a striking characteristic of the man, and give us the key to his success. They tell us how, in addition to all his other labours, he wrote and prepared for the press more books than most men find time to read. I remember reading somewhere the description of a picture, representing a man at the base of a mountain, with his coat and hat upon the ground, delving into its sides with a pick-axe; above him the motto, "Little by little." Let this be the motto of him that would excel. Slowly, and amidst many discouragements, may the fabric rise; but its fair proportions will at length shine forth in the "workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

Oh how many precious moments are wasted in "softness and needless self-indulgence," in frivolous pursuits, in idle conversation, in vague and useless revelry, which, if rightly improved, might tell upon the world's destiny and the Redeemer's glory! How many a noble and godlike statue might have adorned the gallery of the church's honoured ones, had not industry being wanting to perfect its proportions and polish its surface! Distant as may seem the summit here unveiled to your view, it is not inaccessible. He need never despair who possesses the energy of character to work out his own destiny. No extraneous circumstances can keep such a man down; he will surmount them all. He may be a child of penury—cradled upon the barren rock, but, by the force of his own solitary genius, aided by the Divine blessing, he will at length compel the homage of the church and the world. The hero toils for fame, the scholar labours and pines that his name may live on the tablet of immortality: how much nobler thy aim, O thou man of God!—thou art living for eternity, toiling for an immortal crown! Angels and men are witnesses how thou workest for thy God. Arise, gird thyself for the contest!—Rev. D. W. Clark.

## BE ENERGETIC

ABOUT any honest employment Providence throws in your way.

1. It is the way to be happy. "I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "long enough to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'Too many irons in the fire' conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going."

2. It is the way to accomplish a vast deal in a short life. The late Wm. Hazlitt remarked: "There is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science into it. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

3. It is the way to be contented. The unemployed are always restless and uneasy. Occupation quiets the mind, by giving it something to do. Idleness makes it, like an empty stomach, uneasy. The mate of a ship, having put everything to rights, called on the captain for what next should be done. "Tell them to *scour* the anchor," was the reply; on the principle that occupation, however needless, saves from the discontent of idleness.

4. It is the way to disappoint Satan. He comes up to the idler with assurance of a victim; from the well-occupied he departs as a roaring lion robbed of his prey. The one welcomes, the other repulses him.

5. In conclusion, learn the true secret of energy: "The love of Christ constraineth us." All energy from other motives will, in time, ebb and die. This alone will bear you up amidst life's storms, and sweep away every obstacle.

PRESENCE OF MIND IN PERIL.—The "San Francisco Herald" narrates the following incident of the explosion of the steam-boat "Jenny Lind":—"We have said not a man stood; but there was one who fell, and one alone who escaped unhurt. This was Mr. James Tobin, late of the firm of Tobin and Duncan. He was standing near the hatch-way leading to the cabin, and talking to Mr. Shelton, when he felt the tremor. Familiar with such accidents on the Mississippi river, and knowing what it portended, even before he heard the explosion, and simultaneously with the gushing-up of the steam, with extraordinary presence of mind, he jerked apart the fastenings around his neck of a heavy cloak he had on, threw it entirely over his head, wrapped it and his hands in the folds, and prostrated himself to the deck. The furious volume of steam rushed over and around him, but he lay with his hand clasped over his mouth, and held his breath. This he did as long as he could, when he made a gasp to recover himself, and again held his breath. Even through the thick folds of his cloak, low down on the deck, half a minute after the explosion, the air was painfully hot. In a little more than a minute he raised his cloak to see if he could breathe, found it still too hot, and covered himself up again. In two minutes he uncovered, completely unhurt; he had not even been singed. His cloak was burnt and almost dropped to pieces. Beside him lay poor Shelton, to whom he had just been talking, fearfully scalded, externally and internally, and now, poor fellow, dying. He was the only man of the whole crowd who rose up. His escape, under Providence, is due to his presence of mind alone."

DR. CHALMERS IN HIS FAMILY.—In his domestic intercourse with his daughters there was much playful familiarity. Finding one of them sitting alone in a room, "Well, my dear little howlet,

"Hail, mildly pleasing solitude,  
Companion of the wise and good;"

but I'm no for us growing perfectly uncognisant of one another, sitting in corners like *sac mony* cats." After some of his public appearances, when he came home exhausted, his daughters would gather round him as he lay at ease in his arm-chair. One would play Scotch music, another shampoo his feet, (a very frequent, and to him always a very agreeable, operation,) a third would talk nonsense and set him in fits of laughter. At such times, in a mock-heroic way, he would repeat Scott's lines—

"O woman, in our hours of ease," etc.

A spirit of chivalry ran through all his intercourse with his daughters: they not only administered to his comfort in the hours of relaxation, but he made them companions, as it were, of his public life, and sought their intellectual sympathy even with his highest exercise of thought.

A NEW EXPERIMENT.—A recent work of science gives the following novel experiment, which settles questions of importance in philosophy. "Two hundred pounds' weight of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into an earthen vessel. The earth was then moistened with rain water, and a willow-tree weighing five pounds was planted therein. During the space of five years the earth was carefully watered with rain water, or pure water; the willow grew and flourished; and to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dust blown on by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate perforated with a great number of small holes, suitable for the free admission of air only. After growing in the air for five years, the willow tree was removed and found to weigh one hundred and sixty-nine pounds and about three ounces; the leaves which fell from the tree every autumn were not included in this weight. The earth was then removed from the vessel, again dried in an oven, and afterwards weighed; it was discovered to have lost only two ounces of its original weight; thus one hundred and sixty pounds of wood, fibre, bark, or roots, were certainly produced; but from what source? The air has been discovered to be the source of the solid element at least."